

Meditations of a Married Man.

By Clarence L. Cullen.



CLARENCE L. CULLEN

HAVE you ever noticed how few of the women who contribute to the "What Women Most Like in Men" symposia are frank enough to acknowledge they also like the man with \$500,000?

You are perfectly right, Agatha. Women are more self-controlled than men. For example, the woman who pencils her eyelashes always thinks twice before publicly bursting into tears.

The novelist who said recently that he would not be for the fact that he had to "write down" to his women readers, had better watch out if he expects to stick around as a "best seller" writer.

Now is the time when a woman particularly hates to see her husband pay \$5 for a box of cigars, when there are so many "white sales" going on.

The blithe young married man who insists today upon his wife taking a couple of cocktails with him before the table d'hôte dinner won't have to do any of that particular kind of insisting after a while.

The clip who thinks it's a bane-up scheme to take his young wife out for a rattling good time has a chance to think it over the next morning when he notices her bloodshot eyes, her general dishevelment and her tremulous bromo-seltzer activities.

Once we knew a grass widow who openly boasted of her ability to put clever men over the jumps. Now she's married to a pikino-thumper in a moving picture show who couldn't, and wouldn't, jump over a trailing arbutus. But he blackens her eyes every week or so just for exercise.

It's a toss-up which is the cheaper and ornerier, the woman who reads aloud the letters another man has written her to the man she's with or the man who permits her to do that kind of reading.

When a woman begins fervently to avow to everybody she knows how much she loves her husband the wise old tabbies of her acquaintance begin to exchange significant looks and to

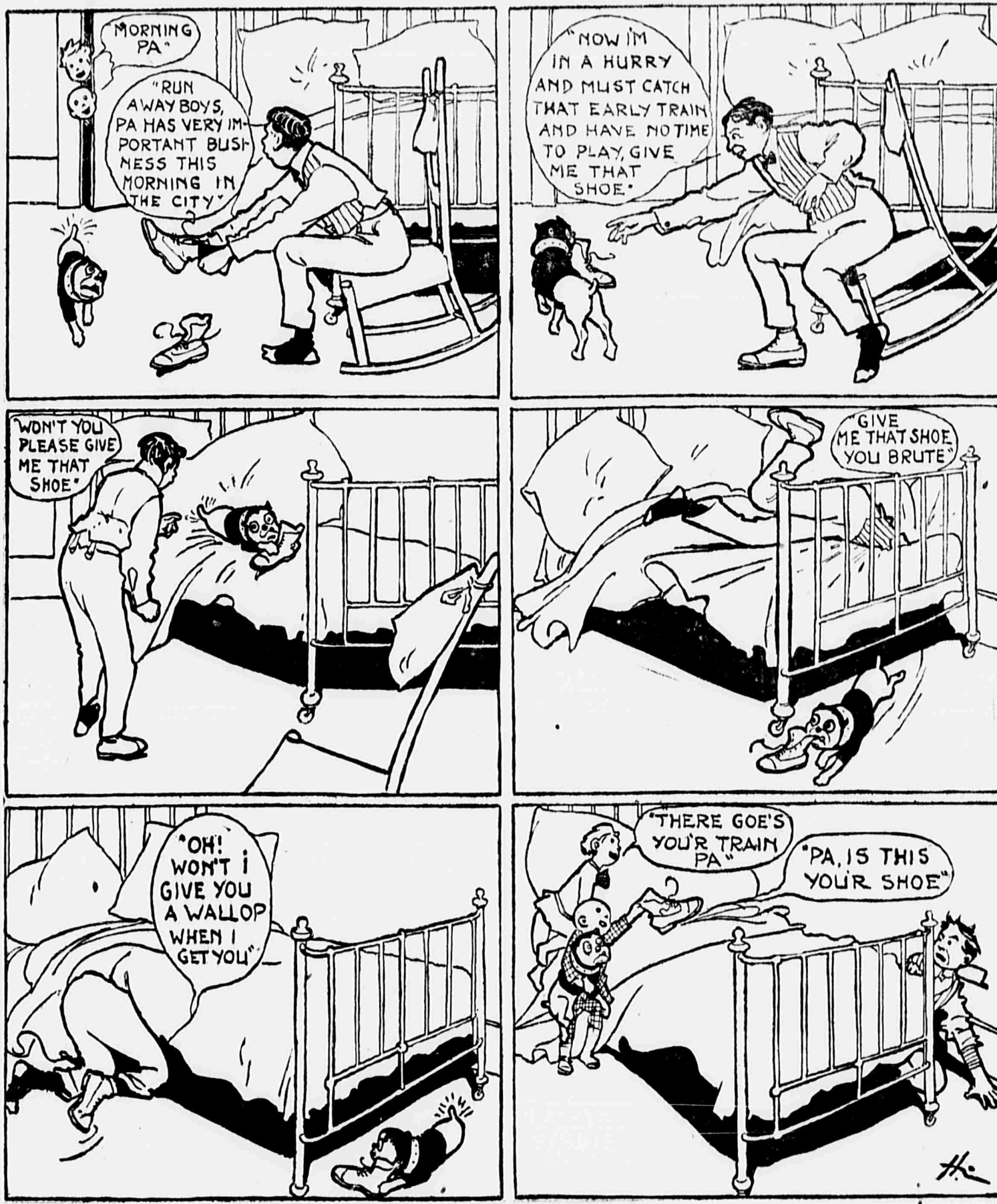
Mere Detail.

HIS aeroplane is wider than the Wright's is, and is long. It does not weigh one-half as much. And it is twice as strong. It has more propellers. And it is twice as high. The only drawback to it is that he can't make it fly.

—Houston Post.

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By H. Coultas



Mrs. Jarr Is Moved

She Learns All About Mrs. Kittingly; Asks Mr. Jarr's Sympathy For Her.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"MRS. KITTINGLY was in again to-day," said Mr. Jarr. "Um," mumbled Mr. Jarr. "Poor thing! You know I think she's been greatly misjudged, and the way people talk about a woman who has had a deep sorrow in her life. My opinion is that a lot of people who are always so quick to pick flaws in other people's characters had better look to their own."

"Oh, said Mr. Jarr. Deplacably, as he continued to read in his newspaper.

"I am sure you are very polite when I'm talking to you to keep your nose stuck in that old newspaper reading, what is it?" said Mr. Jarr. "The Life of a Battle Nelson," said Mrs. Jarr. "Why don't you listen to me when I am talking to you about Mrs. Kittingly?"

"The day little blonde upstairs?" ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Well, if she's a blonde she's a natural blonde. She only touches up her hair a little, and it's no sin for a woman to keep herself attractive, although Mrs. Kittingly says she hates men, just despises them, and I don't blame her, and she isn't gay, either. She was crying here for a week when she was told that she was not to be married, but you are not interested because it shows what tyrants and brutes men can be, the way that poor little thing was treated by her first and second husbands!"

"Now, look here!" said Mr. Jarr, rousing up. "Don't discuss the little blonde with me. Half the time you tell me she's no good and half the time you tell me she's an angel, and if I agree with you on either count you roast me. On one count for being a brute and on the other for being infatuated with her. I don't want to know her. I've trouble enough of my own."

"Well, she's a good-hearted little thing, always has been, and she's been telling me her troubles. But you are not interested because it shows what tyrants and brutes men can be, the way that poor little thing was treated by her first and second husbands!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jarr, paying no heed but thinking of Mrs. Kittingly's sad story. "She was but such a mere slip of a girl, a child in years, with her dresses to her shoe tops when her first husband tempted her to elope with him."

"That's what they all say!" chorused Mr. Jarr.

"But I know she was speaking the truth because her eyes filled with tears," said Mrs. Jarr. "She comes from a grand old Southern family; they owned slaves and had plantations and

Experience.

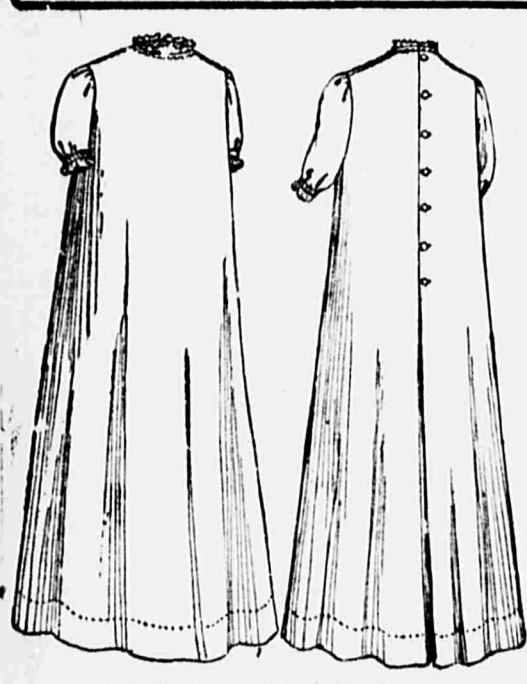
IT said so on the sign. But still you felt a doubt. About it, and in fine. You thought you'd find it out. It didn't help you much. But still your heart was set. To put it to the touch. Of course, the paint was wet.

You'll find such signs, my friend. Along this life's highway. The men who know intend. To warn by that display. But we, of course, are bound. Experience to get. Although we've always found. The paint we touched was wet.

My boy, control the itch. To prove—be not beguiled. Who handles paint—or pitch—is sure to be defiled. As warnings never scoff. And then you'll not regret. You kept your fingers off. Believe the paint is wet.

—Chicago News.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



THE simple little slip that is finished with frills at the neck and the sleeves is a favorite one, and is so comfortable that the baby would be rendered happy by wearing it much of the time. Here is a pretty one that is simplicity itself, and which can be made from lawn, batiste or from flannel or flannelette if it is to be used for sleeping and greater warmth is required. It is long enough to keep the little wearer warm and snug and it is absolutely free from objectionable fuss.

The quantity of material required is 21-2 yards 24 or 27, 21-4 yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 11-4 yards of ruffling.

Infant's Slip—Pattern No. 6217.

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Players of the Period.

No. 25.—Charlotte Walker. By Johnson Briscoe

CHARLOTTE WALKER, whose popularity with our theatregoing public is ever on the increase, was born in Galveston, Tex., Dec. 23, 1873, being a direct descendant of the Pickney family, long distinguished in Southern social and political affairs. She received her schooling in her native town, and began her stage career in 1893 by playing small parts in Richard Mansfield's company. She then went abroad and made her London debut at the Comedy Theatre, July 2, 1894, with Charles Hawtree, as Hattie Van Tassel Smythe in "The Mummy." Following this Miss Walker left the stage and for four years the footlights knew her not. She resumed professional activities the season of 1900-01, dividing that season between Marie Dressler's company, as Mabel Morningstar in "Miss Priddy," and as Jane Caldwell in "Sag Harbor."

Miss Walker began the following season as Antoinette in "Don Caesar's Return," in the support of James K. Hackett, appearing a few months later with Kyrie Bell as Mme. de Bruhl in "A Gentleman of France." She joined Mr. Hackett's company in the spring of 1902, this time in the capacity of leading woman, and for the following three years she was his opposite player, being Virginia Carvel in "The Crisis," Katherine Seales in "John Ermine, of the Yellowstone," Queen Cecelia in "The Crown Prince," Jane Lane in "The Fortunes of the Kings," and Beatrice in "The House of Silence." For a few weeks early in the fall of 1904 Miss Walker was Ada Van Allen in "Jack's Little Surprise," at the Princess Theatre, under Mr. Hackett's direction. The summer of 1905 she appeared with the Columbia Theatre Stock, Washington, D. C., playing Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind," Suzanne in "The Masked Ball," Mrs. McManus in "Ratsy," Julia in "Whitewashing Julia," Miriam in "The Butterflies," and Betty Fondacre in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle."

The season of 1905-06 Miss Walker was New York's most active actress, beginning in August at the New Amsterdam Theatre in the dual roles of Thora and Ellen in "The Prodigal Son." In October she created the role of Madge Bender in "The Embassy Ball," on tour; in November she was the grown-up Caudia in "The Prince Chap," at Weber's Theatre; in December she was Dora Leland in "As Ye Sow," at the Garden; in February she was Persis Van Duyn in "The Triangle," at the Manhattan; in April she played Hattie Drake in "The Optimist," at Daly's, and the month following she was seen at Wallack's as Elizabeth Holt in "The Embarrassment of Riches." The next season Miss Walker played but one part, Constance Pickney in "On Parade." The summer of 1907 she was again in Washington, D. C., at both the Columbia and Belasco Theatres, playing Dora in "Diplomacy," Euridice Mole in "Featherbrain," Kitty Floyd in "Bravest Jim's Baby," the title role in "Tillie," Virginia Stockton in "Aristocracy," Jane Nixie in "The Manoeuvres of Jane," Vi Thompson in "The Suburbaness of Geraldine," Eugenia Leach in "Mother," Lady Thomas in "The Amazons," Nora in "A Doll's House," Mrs. Murgatroyd in "A Bunch of Violets," the name part in "Zaza," Lady Windemere in "Lady Windemere's Fan," Kate Curtis in "Cousin Kate," and Kitty in "The Marriage of Kitty."

Miss Walker spent the season of 1907-08 as Agatha Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia," and the past summer she returned to Washington for a third stock season, adding four more roles to her repertoire, Angela Murt in "A Country Mouse," the title part in "Candida," Raina Petroff in "Arms and the Man," and Suzanne Trevor in "The Freedom of Suzanne." The past August she appeared in Chicago for a brief time as the lone heroine, Hilda, in "The Wolf," and this season she is again one of "The Warrens of Virginia," at present tenants of the Academy of Music. Miss Walker has paid tribute to Hyman's alter upon two occasions, first, while a girl in her teens, becoming the wife of Dr. John B. Hayden, a Galveston physician, from whom she secured a divorce last summer, and on Dec. 1 she married Eugene Walter, the well-known playwright.



CHARLOTTE WALKER

The Barrier

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Gale, post rider at Flamborough, has an Indian wife, Amina, and one beautiful daughter, Necla. The girl has just returned home from a mission school. Lieut. Burrell, local military commander, falls in love with her. She reciprocates his affection. Necla, however, is a young French partisan, secretly loves Necla. Burrell learns this and orders out of Flamborough, telling Necla to go some miles from Flamborough. Necla, however, is a young French partisan, secretly loves Necla. Burrell learns this and orders out of Flamborough, telling Necla to go some miles from Flamborough.

CHAPTER VI.

The Burrell Code.

NOT until his dying day will Burrell lose the memory of that march with Necla through the untrodden valley, and yet its incidents were never clear-cut nor distinct when he looked back upon them, but blended into one dreamlike procession, as if he wandered through some kaleidoscope where every image was delightfully distorted and each act deliciously unreal, yet all the sweeter from its fleeting unreality. They talked and laughed and sang with a rush of spirits as untamed as the waters in the course they followed.

They wandered, hand-in-hand, into a land of illusions, where there was nothing tangible but joy. The touch of their lips had waked that delight which comes but once in a lifetime, and then to but few; it was like the moon-madness of the tropics or the dementia of the forest folk in spring. A gentle frenzy possessed them, rendering them

Love and Gold Hunting In the Frozen Klondike

lay off his pack, at which he pretended to obey mutinously, though thrilling with the keenest delight at his own submission.

"What are you going to do?" he inquired.

"Mind your own business, sir," she commanded, sternly.

From her belt she drew a little hunting knife, with which she cut and trimmed a slender birch the thickness of his thumb, whereupon he pretended great fright, and said:

"Please! please! What have I done?"

"A great deal! You are a most bold and stubborn creature."

"All pack animals are stubborn," he declared. "It's the only privilege they have."

"You are much too presumptuous, also, as I discovered in your quarters."

"My only presumption is in loving you."

"That was not presumption," she smiled. "It was pre-emption. You must be punished."

"If I shall run away," he threatened. "I shall gallop right off through the woods and begin to eat grass. I am very wild."

As she talked she drew from her pocket a spool of line, and took a hook from her hat; then, in a trice, she had rigged a fishing-rod, and creeping out upon a ledge, she whipped the pool below of a half-dozen rainbow trout, which she thrust into his coat while they were still wriggling. Then she as quickly put up her gear and they resumed their journey, climbing more steeply, now, until, when the sun was low, they quit the stream-bed and made through the forest toward

By Rex Beach, Author of "The Spoilers."

made as if to prepare their meal, but she would have none of it.

"Bigs should never cook," she declared. "That work belongs to little's," then forced him to vacate her domain and turn himself to the manly duties of chopping wood and boughs.

First, however, she showed him how to place two green foot-logs upon which the teapot and the frying pan would sit without upsetting, and how long she wished the sticks of cooking wood. Then she banished him, as it were, and he built a wickup of spruce tops, under the shelter of which he piled thick, fragrant billows of "Yukon feathers."

Once while he was busy at his task he paused to revel in the colors that lay against hill and valley, and to drink in the splendid isolation of it all. Below lay the bed of Black Bear Creek, silent and sombre in the creeping twilight; beyond, away beyond, across the westward brim of the Yukon basin, the peaks were blue and ivory and gold in the last rays of the sun; while the open slopes behind and about wore a carpet of fragrant short-lived flowers, nodding as if towards sleep, and over all was the hush of the lonely hills.

A gust blew a whiff of the camp smoke toward him, and he turned back to watch Necla kneeling beside the fire like some graceful virgin at her altar fires, while the peculiar acrid odor of burning spruce was like an incense in his nostrils.

He flung his chest deeply and leaned on his axe, for he found himself shaking as if under the spell of some great expectancy.

"Your supper is getting cold," she called to him.

Spiritual Peace.

FAITH leads to spiritual peace.

ONE thing is essential: to give one's self to God. See that you yourself are in order, and leave it to God to disentangle the threads of the world and its fates, be it destruction or immortality. That which should be will be. That which will be—will be for the best. In order to journey the road of life perhaps nothing is necessary for man except faith in goodness.—Amiel.

RELIGION has loftier aims than the education of a good man. It presupposes that he is good already, and its principal aim is to uplift this good man to the highest stage of understanding.—Lessing.

O FRIEND, why should you trouble yourself over the mysteries of existence? Why should you torment your heart and soul with difficult reflection? Live happily, pass your time joyfully; at the end you will not be asked why in the world such as it is.

Look at the morning; rise, young man, and breathe in the joy of the dawn. There will come a time when you will seek and will not find that moment of life which filled you with surprise in this delusive world. The morning has thrown off the cover of darkness—what is there to grieve for? Rise; let us avail ourselves of the morning, for many mornings will yet come when there will be no breath in us any longer.

IT is said that the last day will be a general day of judgment, and that God, the merciful, will be angry. But kindness can breed nothing but kindness. Fear not: the end will be full of joy. The different religions have divided mankind into seventy-two nations—of all their dogmas I have chosen one: divine love.—Persian Khayyam.

WHO is a kind man? Only a religious man is kind. But what is kindness? First and above all it is the harmony between the will and the conscience (reason).—Chinese Buddhism.

IF I say sincerely: May You will be done on earth as in Heaven—that is, in this temporary life even as in eternal life—then I need no confirmations, no proofs of immortality. I give myself to the will of the Infinite Being, blessing this will; I know that it is love—what more do I need!

... Christ, dying, said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He who can say these words, comprehending their full significance, needs nothing else. Faith, true faith, solves everything.

In order to have this faith it is necessary to educate it within us. And in order to educate it it is necessary to perform the acts of faith.

The essence of the acts of faith is not in great deeds, but in deeds, perhaps imperceptible, sometimes insignificant, but performed exclusively for God.

A man has to die alone, said Pascal; it is also necessary for each one to live alone before God and not before other people.

DO not think that you can find spiritual peace without faith.

JAN. 15.